

H O L I D A Y G R E E T I N G S

to 1935 - 1940s Penn Twp
graduates!



It's been along time since we were last in touch.
Thank you for your patience!!!]

Circumstances while in San Frisco with June & Gregg in September prohibited my xeroxing these remaining pages on June's machine. It was out of commission! I really was counting on her machine to save the expense of printing. As luck would have it--it wasn't to be!

I have been delaying printing to bring this information to you to lighten your spirits during the holidays.

Each of you have been most cooperative in sending your memories & pictures of those by-gone days. Give yourselves a big pat on the back. It makes good reading. I hope each of you kept the earlier pages I sent out to you to add to these. You have a manuscript to hand down to your children & grandchildren to enjoy, if so!!!

My efforts have been a 'labor of love' to bring each of us together again in ^{found} memories. Unfortunately, the expense has been great. There are a number of you. Xeroxing & postage have been a great expense. A small donation (~~99~~ \$3 each) would be greatly appreciated.

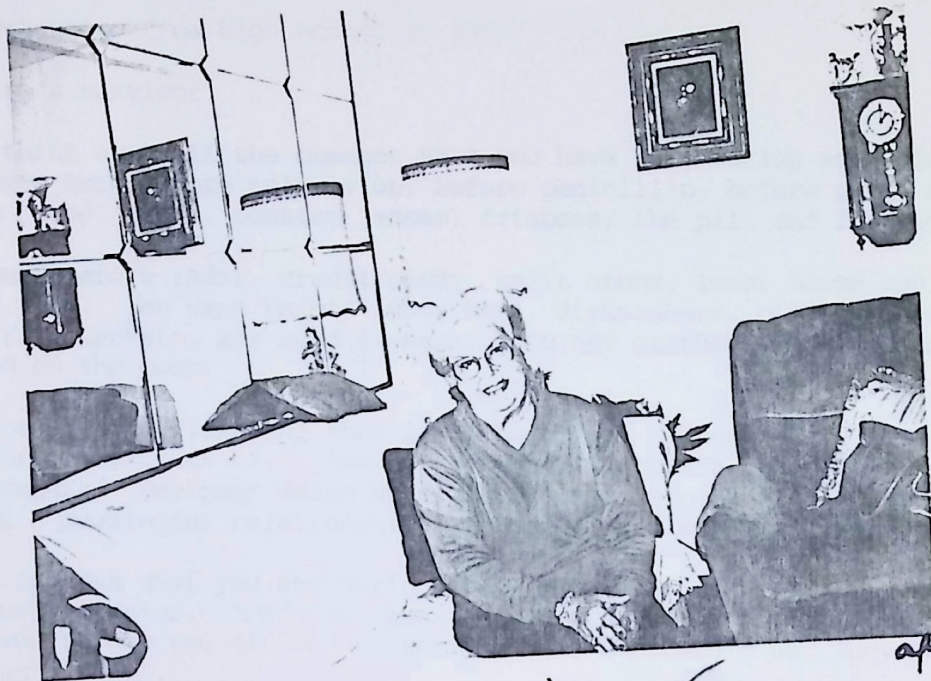
I thank each of you for sharing with me your recalled memories of our childhood schooldays in our one-room school house over 50 years ago. You have our address list--so get in touch with one another. I hope I hear from each of you again in the future!!!! Make it a New Year's resolution!!!!.

Thanks again for your cooperation & Happy Holidays!

Sincerely,

Maxine Daniels Tosch
Maxine Daniels Tosch

God Bless!



age 68

Maxine (me) at home in New Jersey (1992.)



(1992) The adult "Daniels Kids" - at June's home in CA
Maxine Tsch, June Lullow & Greg (Jim)

You graduated from High School in 1941?

You are a survivor!

Just think about all the changes that you have seen during your lifetime. You were born before television, before penicillin, before polio shots, frozen food, xerox, contact lenses, frisbees, the pill and fax machines.

You were before radar, credit cards, split atoms, laser beams and ball point pens. You were before panty hose, dishwashers, clothes dryers, electric blankets, air conditioners, drip dry clothes and before man walked on the moon.

You got married first and then lived together. Closets were for clothes, not for "coming out of." Bunnies were small rabbits, and rabbits were not Volkswagens. Designer Jeans were scheming girls named Jean or Jeanne. Having a meaningful relationship meant getting along with your cousins.

Fast food was what you ate during Lent, and outer space was the back of the movie theater. "Made in Japan" meant junk and the term "making out" referred to how you did on an exam. Pizza, McDonald's and instant coffee were unheard of.

You were before house-husbands, gay rights, computer dating, dual careers and commuter marriages. You were before day-care centers, group therapy, and nursing homes. Before 1941 you never heard of FM radio, tape decks, electric typewriters, artificial hearts, word processors, yogurt, and guys wearing ear rings.

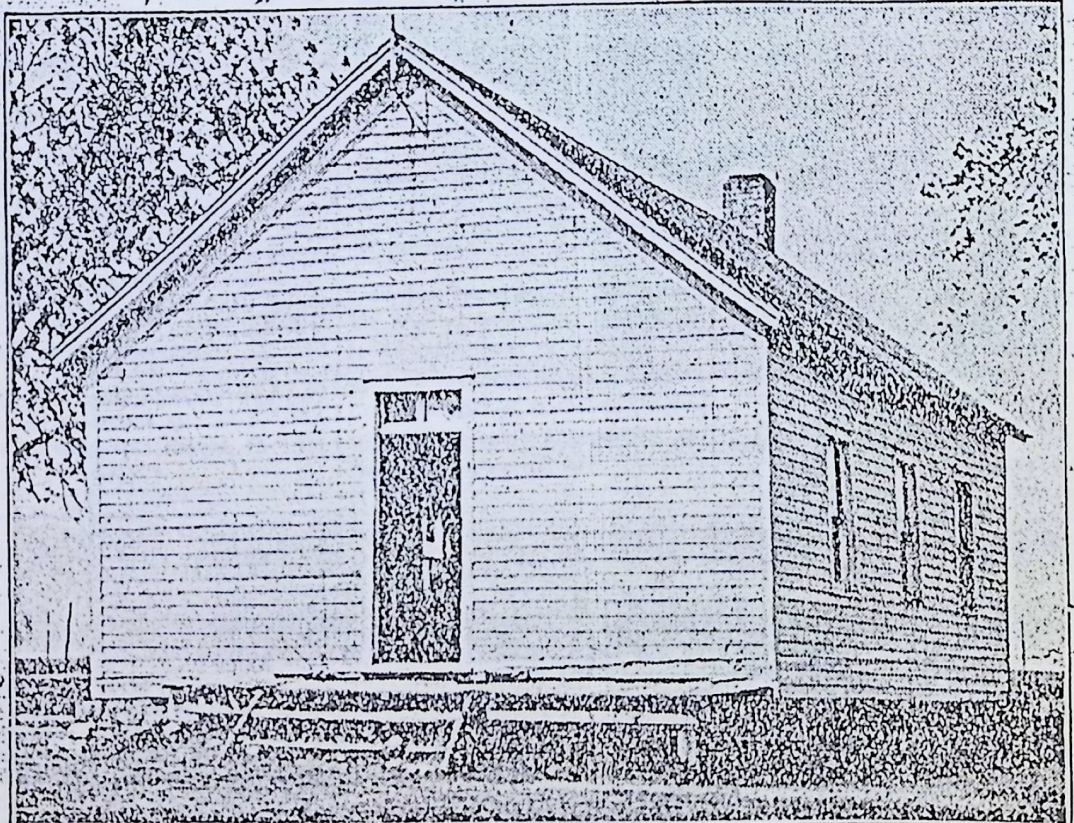
You certainly were not before the difference between the sexes were discovered, but you were before the sex change --- you made do with what you had. And you were the last generation to think you needed a husband to have a baby. Time-sharing meant togetherness, not computers or condominiums. A "chip" meant a piece of wood. Hardware meant hardware, and software wasn't even a word.

You hit the scene when "Five and Ten Cent Stores" sold things for five and ten cents. For a nickel you could buy an ice cream cone, ride a street car, make a phone call, buy a Pepsi or buy enough stamps to mail one letter and two post cards. You could buy a new Chevy coupe for \$600 but who could afford one? -- a pity, too, because gas was only 11¢ a gallon.

In your day, cigarette smoking was fashionable, grass was mowed. Coke was a cold drink. Pot was something you cooked in. Rock music was a Grandma's lullaby, and aids were helpers in the Principal's office.

No wonder there is so much confusion and such a generation gap. But, you survived! What more reason do you need to celebrate?

Old Union School--It Has Changed —But Still Stands After 90 Years



Four special elections were required before the citizens of Penn township could agree upon a plan for renovation of the old Union school, pictured above. The building is approximately 90 years old. (Press-Citizen Engraving).

From:
Shirley

Oldest Living Pupil Is 92 Years Old

(The following article, about one of the oldest rural schools of the county, was submitted by a pioneer resident.)

One of the oldest buildings that is associated with the work of the pioneers of Johnson county, and the oldest school building in this county, originally was located two miles south of North Liberty in Penn township and known as the Union school. — probably for the reason that a Union Sunday school was held in this building before churches were conveniently near.

The building was first located as early as 1858 or 1859 about one-half mile southwest of the present site, on the knoll now passed by the gravel road leading north from Oakdale, on the west side of the farm first owned by John Peter von Steyn and purchased by him from the government at one dollar and twenty-five cents per acre.

One of the teachers of those early days was Mr. Hechtellen. Zack Lanning, Eliza Wilson and Henry Spavely were other teachers remembered by some of the pupils who attended school in the first years of its existence.

Union Sunday school was held here at that time as well as after the building was moved, in 1860, to the present site.



Mrs. Mary Margaret Green, known as the oldest living pupil to have attended the old "Union school," celebrated her 92nd birthday at her home in North Liberty today. (Press-Citizen-Engraving).

In the beginning of its history the district was larger than now. It embraced part of the later district of the Sand Ridge school on the west, part of the Hemphill district on the south and part of the Bane district on the east. A large

Four Elections Held to Get Changes

number of pupils was enrolled, many of which were young men, as there were no high schools.

Oldest living pupil of the school is Mrs. Mary Margaret (Grove) Green, 92, of North Liberty, who says she received "all the schooling I ever had in the old Union school and did not get to go to school after I was 17 years old". (The Francis Grove family came from Pennsylvania in 1853 and lived for a time in a log cabin at the crossroads just north of the old school site.)

Mr. David Saylor von Steyn, 84, also of North Liberty, is another of the few older living pupils still residing near Iowa City.

To quench the thirst of these hardy pioneer children, water was carried from a hole in a slough; the same tin cup or dipper. Carved out of soft pine (no doubt by a neighborhood carpenter), the desks were built with one end against the cold wall.

The teacher's ladder-back chair gave many years of service, being renovated periodically with boards nailed across the seat. Someone recalls, however, that it did collapse one day — with the teacher on it!

A vestibule provided room for the girls' sunbonnets and shawls and the boys' caps, hats and coats. This space was later thrown into the main room.

About 10 homes of those early days have disappeared. Last to vanish was the old "stone house" built by Dr. David Stewart, which until a few years ago stood one-fourth mile north of the present school site.

One other frame house dating back to the '50's stood among the farm buildings and was used as a granary on the farm, having been moved from the knoll where it had stood east of the schoolhouse. Once occupied by the John Phillip von Steyn family, it, too, has been torn down in recent years.

Perhaps they did need a new building when the project was voted upon and defeated three times during 1938. Over a half century ago at a certain seat against the wall, a slate pencil or lead pencil could have been inserted where the wainscoting had a crack and the wind came in. Perhaps that, too, was changed.

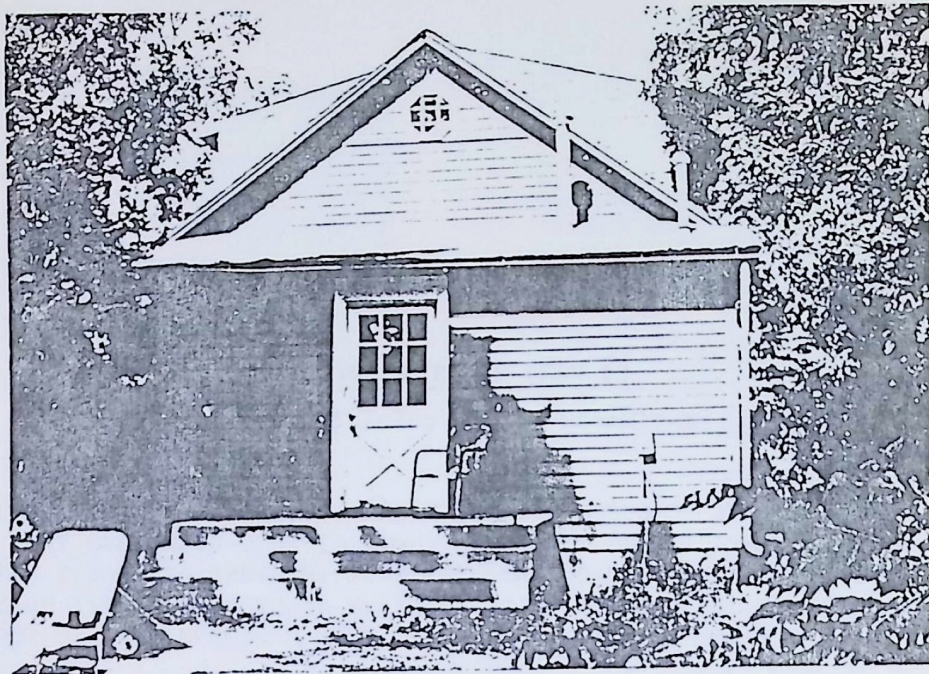
At any rate, a later movement has provided the children of Penn township with a modernized building. But despite new windows

Few of the big boys and girls and little boys and girls that studied McGuffey's spelling-book and McGuffey's good old readers played ball, hide-and-seek, What-will-you-do-when-the-black-man comes?, drop-the-handkerchief, clap-in-and-clap-out, etc., a half or three-quarters of a century or more ago, have remained in the immediate locality. Many of them will never return.

While the building stood on its first site, family names in the district were: Abbott, Albright, Berkstresser, Jacob Bowman, Charles Dolony, Dively, Francis Grove, David Green, Hoover, George Cramer, Peter Long, Abram Madden, Methman, John Miller, Christopher Myers, Nathaniel Scales, Schultz, Shulthise, Smalley, John Peter von Steyn, John Phillip von Steyn, Williams, Wilson, Michael Zeller and Jacob Zeller.

These pioneers of the '40's and '50's have come and gone. The farms have other owners, and only a few grandchildren and great grandchildren of former owners remain in the district, many being scattered to other parts of the state or to other states.

From:
Shirley



From: Dean

PENN # 3 AS IT LOOKS TODAY
1992

Pawe⁽⁴²⁾ Tosch &
granddaughter
Emma
Marie⁽⁷⁾



MEMORIES OF PENN #3

By: Shirley Cogan Schmelzer

"RALLY ROUND THE BUSH BOYS, RALLY ROUND THE BUSH" I STILL LAUGH ABOUT THAT SONG THAT MRS. MAIN USED TO SING. I WASN'T EXACTLY THE ANGEL OF PENN #3. I THINK I USED TO SPEND MY TIME THINKING UP TROUBLE TO GET INTO AND DID MY SHARE OF IT! I ENGAGED IN MY SHARE OF SPIT BALLS AND REMEMBER LETTING THE AIR OUT OF MARY EVELYN'S BIKE TIRES, BIG, BIG, TROUBLE!

DEAN AND I ROAR WITH LAUGHTER WHEN WE GET TOGETHER AND TALK ABOUT OLD TIMES. I REMEMBER THE TIME DEAN AND CHARLES BROKE A HOLE THROUGH THE ICE AND CONVINCED MARY EVELYN THAT THE WATER WAS ONLY ANKLE DEEP. SHE STEPPED IN A HOLE UP TO HER KNEE, WHOOPS! OVER THE BOOT; BIG TROUBLE!

MAYBE I WAS CLOSER TO MRS. MAIN THAN MOST. DEAN AND I DROVE FOR HER. WE WENT TO IOWA CITY ALMOST EVERY SATURDAY MORNING FOR GROCERIES AND OTHER ERRANDS. ONE SATURDAY DURING THE WINTER WHEN WE WENT TO IOWA CITY, IT STARTED TO RAIN AND FREEZE AS WE STARTED HOME. ENGINEERING HILL WAS A GLARE OF ICE AS A CAR PULLED IN FRONT OF US IN THE INTERSECTION. I FIGURED IT WAS CURTAINS, SO I CRANKED THE WHEEL, STEPPED ON THE GAS AND ON THE SLICK STREETS DID AN EASY 360 DEGREE TURN ON THE HILL. BY THAT TIME THE CAR WAS PAST, BUT YOU SHOULD HAVE SEEN THE LOOK ON MRS. MAIN'S FACE. I THOUGHT HER EYES WERE GOING TO POP OUT.

BILL AND I HAVE FOUR CHILDREN, PATRICIA, CAROLYN, JANET AND KURT, AND SEVEN GRANDCHILDREN.

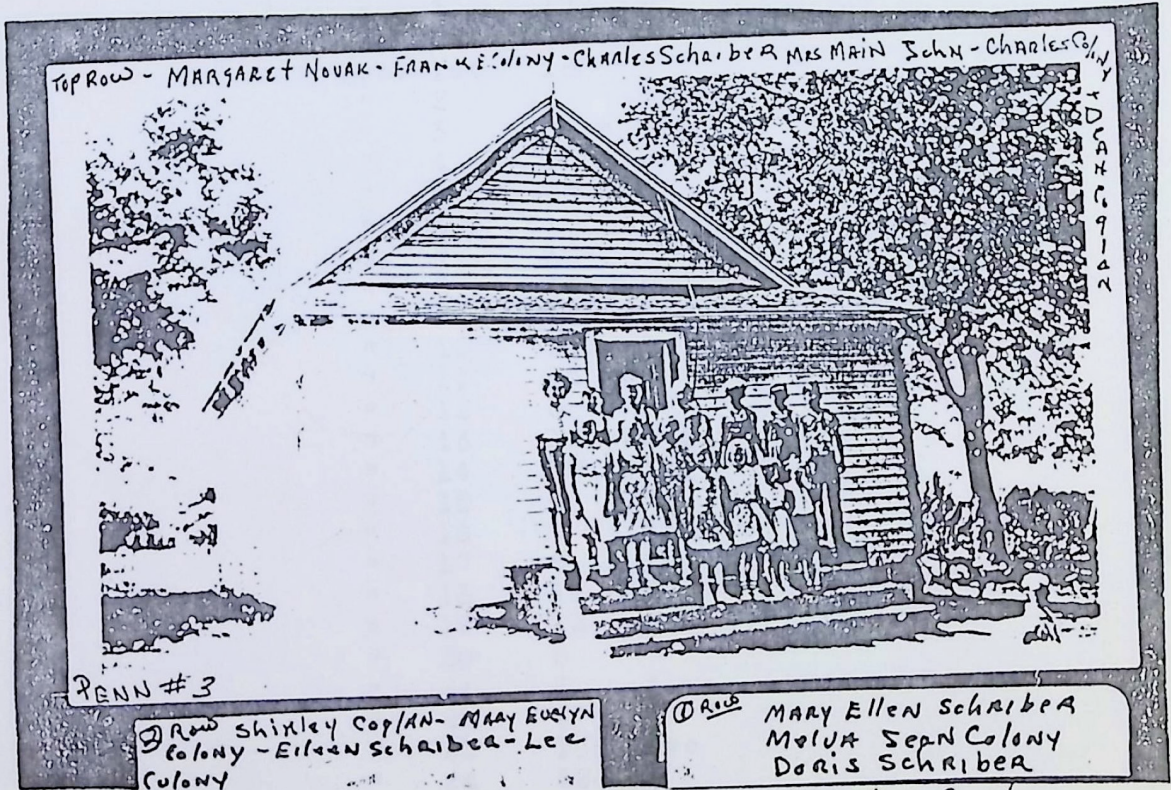
I DON'T THINK MANY OF YOU KNOW THAT MY GRANDFATHER, T.A. COGLAN HAD KEPT A DIARY FOR FIFTY SOME YEARS OF THE NORTH LIBERTY AREA. I GOT THESE CLIPPING OUT OF SOME OF HIS COLLECTION. I WANTED TO COMPILE A HISTORY OF THE AREA BUT NEVER GOT AROUND TO IT.



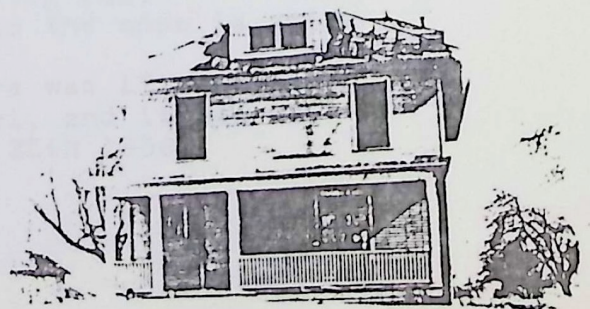
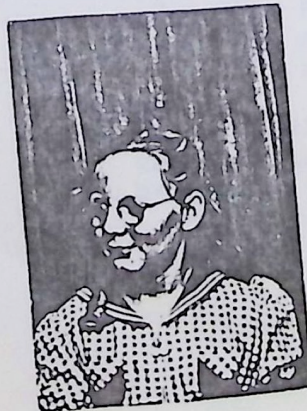
Shirley



DEAN



DEAN



DEAN + SHIRLEY

January 1936 was not cold until the
19th day after that it was as follows

Jan	19th	18	below
"	20	22	"
"	21	20	"
"	22	21	"
"	23	25	"
"	24	15	"
"	25	21	"
"	26	21	"
"	27	14	"
"	28	13	"
"	29	0	0
"	30	16	below
"	31	17	"

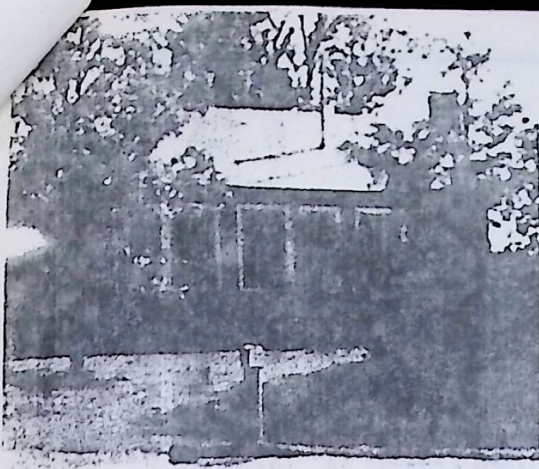
Feb.	1st	16	"
"	2	8	"
"	3	8	above
"	4	8	below
"	5	28	"
"	6	10	"
"	7	10	"
"	8	14	"
"	9	14	"
"	10	11	"
"	11	15	"
"	12	0	0
"	13	18	above
"	14	10	below
"	15	6	"
"	16	9	"
"	17	8	"
"	18	18	"
"	19	12	"
"	20	8	"
"	21	6	"
"	22	4	"
"	23	15	above
"	24	52	"
"	25	warm and fine	
"	26	warm and fine	
"	27	warm and fine	
"	28	snow going fast	
"	29	warm and the snow is going :	

On Jan 19th there was 17 inches of
snow on the level, and it was all
here until Feb. 25th 1936.

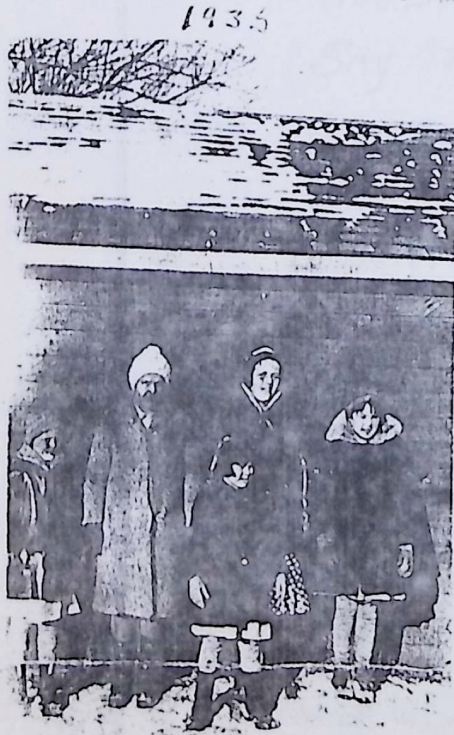


Bill

Shirley



SCHOOL IN 1973



BACK ROW L-R

Betty Almight
RUTH WENMAN
CAROLYN COLONY
MAXINE DANIELS
FRONT
JUNE DANIELS

OUR LITTLE SCHOOL HOUSE
AND MRS. MAIN BRINGS TO MIND
THE FUN THINGS WE DID - SUCH
AS THE COMPETITIONS OF THE
SPELLING BEE'S AND THE RACES
AT THE BLACKBOARD TO SEE WHO
COULD ADD, SUBTRACT OR
DIVIDE NUMBERS THE FASTEST.

MRS. MAIN MADE SURE
THAT WE ALL LEARNED OUR 3 "R"s.

I REMEMBER THE HOURS I
SPENT LEARNING THE MULTIPLI-
CATION TABLES. I AM SO GRATE-
FUL TO HER FOR BEING SO
STRICT ABOUT ALL OUR SCHOOL
WORK... THERE WAS NO LETTING
US "SLIDE" AS IN TODAY'S SCH-
OOLS.

I ALSO REMEMBER HER
FINDING A POEM FOR ME TO
RECITE AT THE DECLAMATORY
CONTEST. IT WAS QUITE AN
EXPERIENCE EVEN THOUGH
I DID NOT WIN!

LIFE WAS SIMPLE THEN
AND I'LL ALWAYS BE GRATE-
FUL FOR MY "COUNTRY ROOTS!"

JUNE DANIELS LUDLOW



THEN

NOW



ONE Halloween when we
 were young, Dean Cogan & John Colony
 & some of the other boys from our
 school had a party in a old
 abandoned house in a field near Cogan's.
 The boys would blindfold you &
 ESCORT you through the house.
 Someone with a fine paint brush
 would rub it on your face &
 say it is a skunk, they would open
 squeaky doors & etc. After that
 we had a bon fire & roasted
 Winnie's & Marsh mallow's & drank
 Apple Cider. In the winter
 we would go over the fence
 behind the school & play Ice Hockey
 with sticks & old can's on the
 icy creek.

According to Gregg *Gregg*
 Prior to Mrs. Mason's arrival
 our first teacher, was Mrs. Slimmons (sp.)
 (any comments?)

1. Back row Ruth Wenman, Maxine D. Carolyn Colony
 2. Andrew, Charles Colony, John Merrill Colony, Chuck
 Schriker & Frank Colony
 3. Front row Gregg & June Daniels, Dean Cogan -
- Don't know who the
 very front: Mary Evelyn Colony the wife
 of Mason Colony? - Please let me know the
 identification of the girl & front boy.



Dear Mayne,

Sorry to be so late in answering your correspondence - Procrastination is one of my finer attributes!

We were living in Florida when we received your history of school days at Penn # 3 and really enjoyed reading it. Betty and I are Florida residents and have lived in Port Charlotte for 12 years, however, we spend 6 months in the North Liberty area working on our rental properties - Always something to paint, repair or deal with new renters.

Your school history brought back many almost forgotten memories. The one etched in my mind was during a recess I threw a stick up in the air and it came down, hit a chicken and killed it. Mrs Main made me carry it over and tell your mother what I had done. It was very traumatic and I'll never forget it. I hope it was that old rooster that used to chase and peck at you.

Do you remember the Sumac bushes that grew along the west ditch on the road to North Liberty? Some of us had the old ax out of the coal shed, which was used to break up big pieces of coal, and we were chopping out the Sumac. Mary Evelyn Colony was hacking away when suddenly the ax head came loose and struck her in the head. Needless to say, that created a lot of excitement for the day.

Our class mate you referred to as Ruth Wenman I thought was R. Wireman and she had a cousin named Charles M. Nabern who was from Alaska and attended our school for a short time. When things didn't go right he would go outside and sit in his igloo which he built from blocks of snow.

My class consisted of Frank John and Charles Colony and me. Upon reading about Greg and Marion and the skunk adventures, I recall Charles and I were both sent home to air out also.

After Mrs Main quit teaching at Penn #3 she got a job at Crossroads school in Madison township about 6 miles north west of her home and I drove her to school and back each day as my compensation I used her car to bus

few kids to her school. She retired after 3 years.
The farm, where Shirley and I lived and later
owned, is now a golf course and housing
development inside city limits of North Liberty.
In 1968 we sold the farm and built a house
in the Coralville Reservoir where we spend our
summers.

I don't know when Penn # 3 was built but
my dad Byron attended school there around 1900.
Our son Larry and our oldest daughter Linda
also went to Penn 3 for a few grades. When
the school closed in spring of 61 (I think) the
students were all 8th graders. I served 3 years
on the board of directors and during that time Iowa
City School District took over all of Penn Township
schools.

A bit about our family -

We have 3 grown children -

Larry is 45, married and has 2 sons. One is
married and has a 17 month old (our great
grand child) and their other son is just out of the navy.

Linda is 42, married and has 4 children ages 8 to 16.
Laura is 36, single and is living in Austria and
works for the United Nations in Vienna.

I'm enclosing some photos for this ambitious project
you've started and hope everyone responds. We
think it is a wonderful idea - Sincerely,
Dean & Betty Cogle.

Hi:

I'm sorry I haven't responded to your letter I have very little recollection of elementary school.

I sure have enjoyed everyone else's letters that they have sent to you I think it's great what other people can remember back then. Here is just one thing that comes to mind.

Mrs Main always had box socials. The women made specially decorated boxed lunches for the box socials. Mom's was always made up real nice. The men would bid on the box lunches, and the highest bidder ate lunch with the women who made the lunch. The other men bid Dad up when he bid on Mom's boxed lunch.

Marilyn Cochran
Blaha



RUTH MAXINE CAROLYN
 CHARLES JOHN CHUCK FRANK
 GREG JUNE DEAN AILEEN
 MARY E. MARION



GREG
 DEAN CHARLES
 CHUCK JOHN FRANK



6/92

BETTY & DEAN COGLAN
 GREAT GRANDSON MICHAEL

From:
 Dean C.

AILEEN SCHRIEBER MURPHY

I can't recall the exact year our new schoolhouse was built (1936 or '37). Does anyone remember for sure that year? Anyhow, while it was being built, we went to school in North Liberty. Our classes were held on the second floor of the old North Liberty school. Dad would drive us to school in his old Model A Ford. I can't recall how long it took to build the new school--perhaps several months. Probably the following school year we would be in our new building.

I remember Mr. Main driving Mrs. Main to school in his buckboard wagon with his team of horses. When our country roads were snowed in, Mr. Main would help plow them out with his horses so that some of our neighbors could reach Oakdale Road to get to work with their cars. Back then the overworked snowplows plowed the main roads before considering our back roads. Perhaps 2 or 3 days after a snowfall or blizzard they would dig us out. Prior to that Mel Main helped with his team of horses to clear a path for us lucky farmers who had him as a neighborly neighbor. Whole families would start shoveling to open the road so a car (few hardy travelers) could get out for supplies when needed.

Our Iowa winters were cold. We Schrieber kids had to walk a long distance to school & in all types of weather. Our Mom would walk part of the distance with us. I guess she thought her presence would eliminate the cold and help us feel better. I remember how bitter cold it was and she wasn't a help!

Christmas was an exciting time in school for us. Mrs. Main planned the whole month of December by us making decorations for our schoolroom and gifts for our parents. We also rehearsed for our school play. One special remembrance of mine was a drawing of Santa Claus, drawn by Mrs. Main. It filled the whole blackboard of him & his reindeers. Her art was beautiful. I was impressed!

Each Christmas we would present a Christmas play for our parents, relatives & friends. We each would have a poem to recite & to remember. We also took part in a all-student play. We spent time at home & at school learning our parts and rehearsing. We also made decorations for our stage. Our families were impressed with us. I can remember Mrs. Main giving each of the fathers a small rubber dog which would stick his tongue in and out with just a squeeze of his body.

Warm spring, & fall days we played outdoors. Some of the games I remember playing with the other kids were: 'Andy, Andy over the Woodshed', (we used a baseball). 'Hide & Seek', 'Statue', etc. One indoor game played was 'Clap in & clap out' & also 'Musical Chairs'! Our boys played baseball in the yard or over in the field.

At Harvestime, Mr. Main would bring to us in school a load of watermelons for us kids to enjoy. What a real treat for us!

Saturday's Mrs. Main went to the Iowa City library to return Monday morning with an armload of updated books for each of her groups to read. This kept us out of mischief and helped with our education. (It could have been every other week).

I came to school with my dress inside out. You, Maxine, took me to the outhouse to turn the dress to the front.

Another remembrance of mine was about the Club I joined, organized by Gregg & Marion. They told me that by becoming a member of their Club they would give me gifts. They gave me an envelope with those gifts. There was 1 piece of chalk enclosed, 1 marble, 1 pencil, and most interesting of all--1 paper clip. How generous and kind of them to let me join their Club! I still have no memories of the kind of Club I joined--we held no meetings!!!!

Marion Colony & Shirley Cogan left Penn #3 for Junior High School in Iowa City. This left me alone in eighth grade. All country schools in Johnson County graduated from McBride Auditorium in Iowa City.

New children starting school in the 1940s were Clayton Singleton's children, also the Zaiser kids. Mary Ann, Doris or Carol can fill you in on them.

We looked forward to the last day of school. Mrs. Main would bring a container of vanilla ice-cream for us to consume. I was amazed that Charles Colony did not like it. Most kids 'would die for a taste'!

Maxine, I remember all those 'pot luck' dinners we neighbors shared in our area. The dinners were held on different farms, each time. In 1939 after REA came through your dad (Harlan Alt) who was an electrician, wired your house with a large front yard light. When you held your pot luck dinner the table would be in the yard under that light. We shared delightful dinners. Parents would play Bingo while we kids would play different games. At night it would be 'Hide-N-Seek' in the cornfield. It was a delightful time & great memories. Weiner roasts were part of this fun. We'd cut small sticks from young trees, sharpen the point, & then load the sticks with hot dogs to cook over the bonfire. We roasted marshmallows this way too. Potatoes were thrown into the coals to roast. A great time was had by all.

I also remember Mary Ann & I attending your 4-H meetings. I recall when your folks took us to the movie "Pinocchio" and later took us to 'Santa's Parade'! We had a wonderful enjoyable day!

Aileen & her husband, Ralph, are semi-retired. They are enjoying their senior years & their children & grandchildren. They farmed.

"Portrait of a teacher in a
one-room schoolhouse"

pictures here:

Contributed by
Aileen S.
Murphy



The Old
Union School
1932 or 39

Back row: Chuck Schmeke, Charles Colony, Frank Colony, Marion Colony,
John Myerle Colony, Shirley Logan, June Daniels, Mary Evelyn Colony, and Teacher.
Mrs. Melvia Myer, Marie Daniels, Dan Logan, Gary Daniels, Mrs. Ann Allen, and
Melba Jeanne Colony



992 Chuck Schmeke (63) Aileen Murphy (66) Ann Gunther (60) Dan S. Gun (59)
Cande Lasche (55) Grace Schmeke (50) Jean Schmeke (40)

1992

Dear Maxine,

I must confess I almost forgot about writing you. I retired July 1st this year as a Rad Tech. I thought I had lots of time but I was just lazy. The past year and half have not been good to me. I lost my husband Myron, after 37 years of marriage. It's really been hard trying to get my life back together again. I am lucky to have 6 sons & 2 daughters, plus 7 grandchildren. My son Monte moved back from CA and has been living home with me. He was working on the Stealth Bomb out there but was really homesick.

I don't remember too much about Penn #3. In fact, I thought it was #6. I was very shy. I do remember having to wear those awful brown socks in the winter and having to walk to school in 21 degrees below zero weather. I appreciated them more then. I remember Mrs. Main standing us on a stool by the heat of the stove to warm up. Winters could be bad. Sometimes the snow was over the fence posts & we still would have to walk over them. We school kids would go sledding on the hill west of the school. One day I wore my dress inside out & Mrs. Main had one of you girls take me out to our outhouse at school to turn the dress inside out for me. I told everyone I wore it that way because it was dirty on the outside!

I didn't like the box socials but I love the picnics at the end of the school year. Mrs. Colony made the best chocolate cake and my mom the best potato salad in the whole wide world. (so I thought then!)

Hallowe'en was an exciting time. Someone always dumped over the outhouses around. At school one of the games I remember was called "Andy, Andy over the schoolhouse" & baseball.

Another remembrance of mine was about you kids. One day we Schriebers' went home mad at you Daniels' kids. Our mom was making sourkrout. You guys kept taunting us with 'You guys eat rotten cabbage', 'You guys eat rotten cabbage!' I was so angry over that. In fact, cabbage looks rotten on the top of the crock until you get down to the brine and the good krout.

I can also remember a time, Maxine, when you rode your bike down to our house just to watch our mom can pineapples! A long time ago!

It was nice hearing from you, Maxine!

Love,

Mary Ann Schrieber Moore

Melvin Main, 84, Dies; Lone Tree, Funeral Friday

LONE TREE—Melvin Main, 84, died Tuesday night in a nursing home at Iowa City. He had resided here since 1949.

Mr. Main was born October 22, 1871, in Time, Ill., a son of Phillip and Rachel Main.

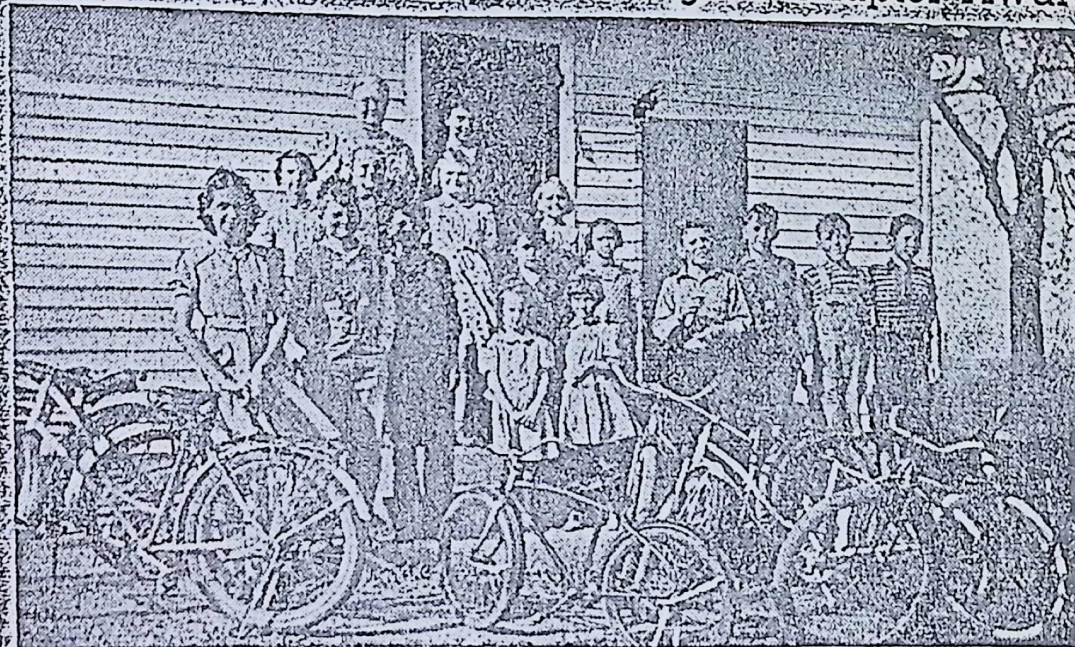
In 1909 he was married to Myrtle Shipman Fisher and the couple established their home at Wapello. Later he was engaged in farming near Iowa City and in North Liberty and retired about six years ago.

Survivors include his widow; two daughters, Mrs. Melba Burton, of Adel, and Mrs. Ethel Nelson, of Iowa City; three step-children, Mrs. Gayle Pieper, of Palm Beach, Fla., Mrs. Beulah Johnson, of Des Moines, and Mrs. Lillian Lenz, of West Liberty; one stepson, Charles Fisher, of Green Bay, Wis., and five grandchildren.

He was preceded in death by three brothers and two sisters. Private funeral services will be held Friday at 1 p.m. at the Sorden and Adams funeral home here with burial in the Wapello cemetery.

From: Gugg

Union School Wins D. A. R. Pilgrim Chapter Award



Pictured from left to right, lower row: Margaret Novak, John Colony, Charles Colony, Marilyn Cochran, Doris Schreiber, Dean Coglan, Frank Colony, Marlon Colony, and Gregg Daniels. Second row: Lee Colony and Mary Ann Schreiber. Third row: Alene Schreiber, Shirley Coglan, Mary Evelyn Colony and Melva Jeanne Colony. Top row: Mrs. Myrtle Main, teacher, and Charles Schreiber. The cabinet won by the school is in the background.

NORTH LIBERTY—Pilgrim chapter of the D. A. R. has presented to the Union school of Penn township district No. 3 a steel storage cabinet, the school having been recommended by Supt. F. J. Snider as the outstanding rural school of Johnson county for the year 1939-40. This school is located two miles south of North Liberty and the teacher is Mrs. Melvin Main. Her school near West Branch won the same award 11 years ago. In her school of today 16 pupils

are enrolled: Margaret Novak, Charles Colony, John Colony, Frank Colony, Dean Coglan, Charles Schreiber, Mary Evelyn Colony, Gregg Daniels, Shirley Coglan, Marlon Colony, Alene Schreiber, Mary Ann Schreiber, Melva Jeanne Colony, Lee Colony, Marilyn Cochran and Doris Schreiber, eight of whom are taking music lessons at Iowa City, Oxford and North Liberty. Mrs. Moreland Colony is the director and last year a P. T. A. was formed with all parents as mem-

bers. The president was Mrs. Carroll Colony, vice president, Mrs. Harlan Alt and Mrs. Moreland Colony was secretary and treasurer. Present officers of the organization are: President Mrs. Eugene Colony, vice president, Mrs. Alt, secretary and treasurer, Mrs. Byron D. Coglan. In recommending one of the 135 rural schools as being the outstanding one of the county, Superintendent

Snider takes into consideration the progress the children make, the attitude of their teacher, the equipment, the co-operation and the community spirit toward the school. Interest is strengthened by the fact that all the parents co-operate. Some of the parents and several grandparents attended the same school.

On Sunday mornings every child in the school will be found in church and Sunday school. The morale of the school is of the very best and no discipline problem ever arises. There is rarely ever an absence and no tardiness. Twelve of the 16 pupils ride to school on bicycles.

One sixth grade pupil last year received the highest rating in the county in a silent reading test given by the superintendent and all did creditable work in their respective grades. All grades are taught with the exception of the first and fourth.

From: Shirley

Maxine, thanks for including me in this endeavor. Also, thanks for all the nice things you did and said to my mom & dad. They really loved you!

I don't really remember too much about you & June. But I remember being at your house once and seeing hanging upstairs on a door a beautiful silver gown (Your prom gown) with a large pink rose on the bodice. Probably the most beautiful thing I had ever seen. I will never forget it!

Your mom sent us a picture of you and your husband when you lived in California. He was in a navy uniform. You both were sitting on a lawn somewhere. I was into romance then. I used to sit and look at that picture. I thought it was the greatest and so romantic!

I'll be 55 this month. I work in a hospital as an X-ray technician. I will retire next year after working there 20 years. I have 3 children and have been a single parent for many years. My sons Bill (30) and David (27) live in California. Bill is located in Ojai & David in Sherman Oaks—both single. Rebecca (24) lives here in St. Louis. She's a nurse and plans to marry next year.

We Schriebers' got together in May in Iowa City for the first time since mom & dad died. I miss them so much. They were truly wonderful parents. We were so poor as children but ohhhh so rich because of what Florence & George gave to all of us, "Love, understanding, & emotional security"!

1992

CAROL SCHRIEBER

THE EVENTS I REMEMBER AT PENN #3

I was born in 1937 and started to Penn #3 August 31st, the day after my 5th birthday 1942. Penn #3 had no Kindergarten. We started in Primary grade which was a little more advanced than first grade in the city schools. I loved school. I was excited about going. I used to help mom pack lunches for my older sisters & brother and sampled the hard boiled eggs. Mom told me in later years, that I would lick one of those eggs several times and then take a big bite.

I visited school once when I was 4. But being very active & outspoken (unlike my older quiet sisters) I hid behind the victrola and made everyone laugh. I was never asked back for a visit!

I remember Mr. Main driving Mrs. Main to school in the buckboard on icy days. Also remember when we had our watermelon feast. Mr. Main would carry the melons to us with his team of horses and a wagonload of watermelons. We would eat them until stuffed.

I can remember Mrs. Main's shiny black car. I recall how she would press the accelerator to 'rev up the engine', let out the clutch and spin those tires. Gravel would fly behind the car as she would 'jerk, jerk, jerk' out of the schoolhouse yard. We all thought of her as 'very old' and one day she would just up and 'die' right in front of us! She always wore a hair net and would limp (which I would imitate for my family). We'd have a good laugh over my imitation!

A boy around Chuck's age used to trap. He would check his traps on the way to school. He caught an animal one day & skinned it (by the boy's outhouse). Everyone complained it smelled and so did the boy. I assumed it was a skunk since I was small and everyone said it "stunk" but I am sure it wasn't one.

Joe Colony, Lee Singleton, & Alberta Jane Cochran were in my class. The older boys used to tease Lee a lot.

One morning I remember it being cold. Someone came into my bedroom and announced that Joe's mother & dad had been killed in a car/interurban train accident. His parents were in the front & the children in the back seat. After his parents death Joe left to live with relatives and Alberta Jane moved away. In class then was Lee & I and later Lloyd Colony (who used to have constant nose bleeds). Our whole community felt the loss of Mr. & Mrs. Carroll Colony!

I remember walking to school in the snow with big brother Chuck telling me to walk behind him so he could protect me from the strong winds.

I remember collecting milkweed pods because the government used them to help in the war effort.

I remember our big Christmas programs. We hung red bells from the round globe ceiling lights.

I remember the excitement of making our Christmas decorations in anticipation of our Holiday celebration at school. I remember coloring pictures of wreaths and candles. I recall my sister Doris reciting her Christmas poem with two dolls—one black and one white. Mom made the black doll with black ink.

I remember my sister Mary Ann being the best softball hitter at school. We used to call her 'slugger'! I remember sledding during our winters. I remember the old scare of 'touching your tongue' to the pump handle during our below zero days & if practiced it ripped all the skin off the tongue.

I also remember the drinking dipper in the water pail stored in the 'cloak room'.

Games remembered—Red Rover, Lemonade Annie, Annie over the coal shed. I can recall the marching music on the wind-up victrola.

MY FAVORITE MEMORY—

We were all out in the school yard. The sky was dark and heavy with snow as the large snowflakes were blown into my face by the strong winds. All around our school it was very quiet as the snow blew. — From out of this very quiet atmosphere came the honking sound of a flock of Canadian geese flying south for the winter. We couldn't see them but we could hear them. The snow blocked our view of them. Even today I still love the feeling of having snowflakes touching my face and the sounds of geese flying south for the winter. Precious memories begun at Penn #3!

After Mrs. Main retired, we then had Mrs. Walker as our teacher—strange, she also walked with a limp!

I used to ride my brother George to school on a boys' bicycle. He rode on the bar. He's four years younger than me. There was a boy named Jerry Zaiser who used to pick on my little brother. I did what any big sister would do—I beat him up! Needless to say I got into a lot of trouble because I was bigger than Jerry. Of course, Jerry was a whole lot bigger than George. I was 10 at the time.

After age 10 I started to St. Mary's school in Iowa City in 6th grade.

Thanks for asking me to recall these memories!

Carole Schrieber Laschke

Dear Maxine,

It was a pleasant surprise to get your card!
There are a few things I do recall, and laugh about them
every now and then.

One thing that stays in my memory awhile longer is--
Richard Zaiser. He was my age.

Once he was kept after school lunch period by Mrs. Main
because she caught him laughing at her garters rolled down
just above her chubby knees while she was bent over. Richard
was planning on a good lunch at home (which was just a skip
jump & a hop away) anticipating bread pudding for dessert.
His mother had just made it that day & he cried because he
couldn't get home to enjoy it! Poor Richard!

Also, another thing I remember--and this one is about
me! One day I put red crayola on my lips thinking I looked
beautiful. Mrs. Main made me go out to the pump and made me
scrub it off with water.

Doris Schrieber Sexton

* * * * *

Dear Maxine,

Sorry I have not responded to your letter, but we have
been away most of the summer. I will enclose several
pictures (one of we 3 kids & one of my husband & myself).

One thing that always stands out in my mind about Penn
3 is when we put on a program in the old school bldg. in
North Liberty. We did a flag drill which I was in. I also,
remember when the snow was from fence post to fence post
across the road and we 3 kids had to walk down to the corner
where Mrs. Main lived and rode with Mrs. Main in the wagon.

This is about all I have to contribute, but I have
enjoyed reading all the things you sent to me. I would love
to get all the stories written by my other schoolmates at
Penn #3..

Thanks for your patience!!!

Mary Evelyn Colony Williams

1992

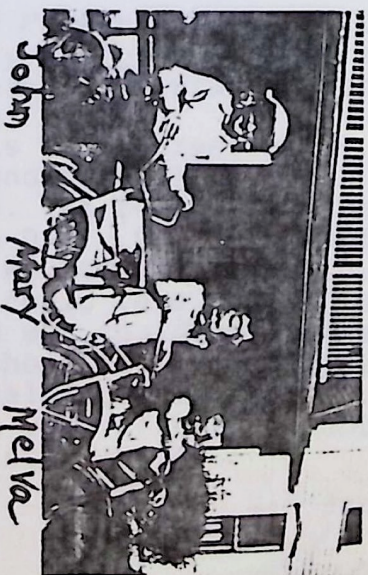
When I was in grade school we were playing Hide-N-Seek I and others went across the road & hid along west bank. I remember falling down ^{the} downbank & hit a rock and cut my right leg open. Someone had to go call my Mother. She came and took me to the Doctor. He put two metal clamps on my leg to close the wound. To date I still have a scar from that fall.

- Mary Evelyn Colony
Williams



Mary Ann Schrick

Shirley Mary Nade



John

Mary

Melva



Bob & Mary
Williams

San Diego, California
July 29, 1992

Dear Maxine,

I have procrastinated until the last possible minute to answer your letter about grade school memories. In spite of Mrs. Main's efforts, I still dislike writing. However, I'm sure all of us who were fortunate enough to be among her students benefitted greatly.

Every now and then little memories pop up about those early school days. Thinking back, it is a wonder we all survived.

I recall Mary Evelyn getting hit in the back of the head by the back swing of the old chopping ax. I don't remember who was wielding the ax.

Then there were the sledding mishaps. Such as suddenly going thru the crust on the snow or hitting a hidden stump or rock.

I remember Gregg(Jim) going into the middle of the swarm of bees in the hollow of the boxelder tree up in the southeast corner of the school yard and not getting stung.

Sometimes we played softball in the field across the road from the school. For some reason it was more fun to play ball there. One day while playing there another boy and I spotted an old rusty Barlow knife at the same time, which had been lost by a student of a past generation. There was a big todo over who would keep the knife. I don't recall the outcome.

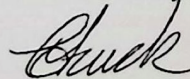
One big event was when the school got a swing set with a slide and trapeze bar. I would eventually crack my wrist in the fall that resulted by my going down the slide standing on a piece of wax paper.

We turned out pages of Palmer Method circles and round shaped letters. Most likely all of Mrs. Main's former students still have legible handwriting. We probably are all fair at spelling, thanks to phonics.

Another great memory is of Watermelon Day. Mel Main was famed for his watermelons and muskmelons which he sold at a stand near the Oakdale road. At the end of the season a day would be set for Watermelon Day. Mel would bring a wagonload of melons to school and we would eat all we could hold. Then any that were remaining we could take home. Sometimes we boys would have a contest to see who could eat the most seeds.

Over the years since those really "good old days" I have had many a chuckle when recalling some large or small event of the past. Thank you for your effort in contacting everyone and collecting their memories.

Sincerely,



Charles E. Colony



A 30-Pound Snapping Turtle from Lake MacBride is the prize these four farm boys display on the private boat dock there, along with some bluegills and bullheads. From left the boys are Lee Gregg, do you know these fellows?

Colony, Bob Canney, Charles Colony and John Colony. They had hitchhiked to the lake to fish. Roy Reed, in charge of the park, says most cars arrive this year with six passengers.

(James Sherman photograph.)

DES MOINES SUNDAY REGISTER—AUG. 1, 1943—PAGE 3

Mrs. Main sent this article to Gregg in California.

Portraits of a teacher in a

a one-room schoolhouse

Greetings Penn Township #3 School-mates of the 1930's and 1940's.

Your idea to write down and share memories of our lives in one of the last one-room schools is super, Maxine.

The first day of school frequently called for a writing about summer vacation. The last day of school meant goodbye to some who went on to junior high or high school, or who were moving away. Summer also meant a lot of work for farm children.

Your manuscript captured many of the events which I also recall: Kerosene and gasoline lanterns to light the school at night when we held Christmas programs, reciting our memorized parts; the old swimming hole made larger by damming up the creek; picking gooseberries -(we also picked wild grapes from which grape juice and grape jelly were made. I also liked to tap the maple trees in spring for their sap which I boiled on my Mother's wood-burning stove to produce delicious maple syrup and/or maple sugar candy.); the time the skunk got me in the face before I got him (I was sent home from school to get rid of the aroma of skunk); sliding down the hill next to the school on our sleds; playing tag, hide-and-seek, green light-red light, softball, touch football, etc.; many happy hours reading the Book of Knowledge; and Mrs. Main's many meaningful sayings. I also recall when we got electric lights in the school. Harlan Alt wired the school. He also wired our farm house and farm barns and granary. Most of our homes first had Direct Current (DC) electricity from generators connected to banks of wet-cell lead-acid batteries in the basement, and then later 110 volt Alternating Current (AC) electricity when the Rural Electric Administration (REA) put power poles and wires through the farm areas.

Additional memories include the alphabet and pictures which surrounded the school house walls - A Apple, B Bee, C Cat, etc. And spelling bees, competitive addition of long columns of numbers on the blackboard; reciting the alphabet both forwards and backwards - As Mrs. Main said, there was no more reason to start at A than to start with Z, so we did both.

It seemed the one room school was ideally developed for learning. As a kindergarten student, one heard first graders, second graders, etc., all being taught their various subjects. Since a few of the eight grades plus kindergarten did not have any students, we were spared a few iterations of classes. By the time one reached 7th grade, every student had been taught all the grades at least five or six times, counting the times others were taught the same subjects. What a disadvantage for today's students who have just one shot at learning any one subject in any one grade. It is difficult to imagine a teacher having just one grade to teach for a whole year. The one room school was an important part of my life. Thanks to all who went before who made it easier for myself, and to those who followed for helping reinforce the learning process.

Winter was my favorite time of year. There were fewer farm chores to do - just caring for livestock, shoveling snow, carrying in wood, and going to school. Of course there was time to build crystal radios, then one tube radios, and finally two-tube radios, which opened up the whole wonderful world of radio from Iowa City with WSUI's Rhythm Rambles to WDAGO, Del Rio, Texas, WHO Des Moines, WMT Cedar Rapids, WGN Chicago (One WGN announcer always started his program by saying, "It's a Beautiful Day in Chicago" - even if the snow was blowing in 45 mile an hour wind). I enjoyed listening to Jack Armstrong, the All-American Boy, Captain Midnight, Inner Sanctum, Jack Benney, Burns and Allen, and other favorite radio programs. We had time to also go ice skating on the frozen ponds and Lake McBride, for roller skating in Cedar Rapids, for making snow men, skiing and sledding down the hills (Several times, groups of us took lanterns at night and tramped down the snow so our sleds would go through the deep snow, lined the path with kerosene and gasoline lanterns, and had great fun). I enjoyed trapping for skunks, civet cats, muskrats, mink, and possum. Every moon-lit or dark morning, I got up and ran my trap line before school. Others liked to go hunting for raccoon at night with guns, flashlights and dogs. In the warmth of barns, we built straw bale houses with tunnels and rooms, and rigged up swings with ropes and boards. I also recall the bitter cold, walking to and from school through what seemed like mountainous snow banks before the snow plows had cleared the roads. Mel and Myrtle Main always had the school warming by the time we arrived.

We decorated the school windows before Halloween, Thanksgiving, Christmas, and Easter, with each grade contributing according to their developmental stage in art.

Summer was a busy time, but we did find time for fun: Bike riding to see Greg, Chuck, John, Charles, Dean (Yes, they all had sisters, but young boys weren't visiting the girls. Of course, if the girls wanted to play, that was ok.); Fishing in Muddy Face Creek and in the Iowa River and Lake McBride; Pot-luck dinners at homes on summer evenings were lots of fun for small children. We played in the yards and barns, told stories, and listened to our parents telling stories. Our communication skills were honed depending on our abilities and desires.



Marion Colony

Marion H. Colony & Jean
260 Seawind Drive
Vallejo, CA 94590-8152
Phone: (707) 643-3697

30 June 1992

UP-DATED — 1992

CURRENT ADDRESSES OF SOME GRADUATES OF THE "OLD UNION SCHOOL"—PEN TWP #3
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Vaxine Daniels & Paul Tosch
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Cedar Rapids, Iowa 52404-9000



Harlan ALT home - Home
of Maxine, June & Gregg
Daniels (step-children)
and John ALT